

SPRINGS OF JOY.

THE GATES OF HEAVEN Ajar.

Talmage Tells of the Pleasures of a Real Christian Life.

TEXT: "Thou hast given me a south land, give me also springs of water. And he gave me the upper springs, and the nether springs."—Joshua xv, 19.

The City of Debir was the Boston of antiquity—a great place for brain and books. Calah wanted it, and he offered his daughter Achish as a prize to any one who would capture that city. It was a strange thing for Calah to do; and yet the man who could take the city would have, at any rate, two elements of manhood—bravery and patriotism. With Calah's daughter as a prize to fight for, Gen. Othniel rode into the battle. The gates of Debir were shattered into dust, and the city of looks lay at his feet of the conqueror.

The work done, Othniel comes back to claim his bride. Having conquered the city, it is a great job for him to conquer the girl's heart; for however faint hearted a woman he may be, she always loves courage in a man. I never saw an exception to that. The wedding festivity having gone by, Othniel and Achish are about to go to their new home. However fondly the cynicals may sneer at the laughter ring, parents are always and when a fondly cherished daughter goes off to stay; and Achish, the daughter of Calah, knows that now is the time to ask anything she wants of her father. It seems that Calah, the good old man, had given as a wedding present to his daughter a piece of land that was mountainous and sloping southward toward the deserts of Arabia, except with some very hot winds. It was called a "south land." But Achish wants an addition of property; she wants a piece of land that is well watered and fertile. Now it is no wonder that Calah standing amidst the bridal party, his eyes so full of tears because she was going away that he could hardly see her at all, gives her more than she asks. She said to him: "Thou hast given me a south land; give me also springs of water. And he gave me the upper springs, and the nether springs."

What a suggestive passage! The fact is, that as Calah, the father, gave Achish, the daughter, a south land, so God gives to us his world. I am very thankful He has given it to us. It is a mountainous land, in fact that I want a larger portion. Trees and flowers, and grass, and blue skies are very well in their places; but he who has nothing but this world for a portion has no portion at all. It is a mountainous land, sloping off toward the desert of sorrow, swept by fiery scorchers; it is a "south land," a poor portion for any man that tries to put his trust in it. What has been your experience?

What has been the experience of every man, of every woman that has tried this world for a portion? Quena Elizabeth, amid the surroundings of pomp, is unhappy because the painter sketches too minutely the wrinkles on her face and she indignantly cries out: "You must strike off my likeness without any shadows!" Hogarth, at the very height of his artistic triumph, is stung almost to death with chagrin because the painter he had deigned to paint him does not seem to be acceptable; for George II. cries out: "Who is this Hogarth?" Take his trumpet out of my presence," Brinsley Sheridan thrilled the earth with his eloquence, but had for his last words: "I am absolutely undone." Walter Scott, fumbling around the inkstand trying to write, says to his daughter: "Oh, take me back to my room; there is no rest for me." Walter but in the grave. Stephen Girard, the wealthiest man in his day, or, at any rate, only second in wealth, says: "I live the life of a galleys slave; when I arise in the morning my one effort is to work so hard that I can sleep." Charles Lamb, applauded of all the world, in the very midst of his literary triumph says: "Do you remember, Bridget, when we used to laugh from the shilling gallery at the play? There are now no galleries so far as that. I used to go no further than your street to find an illustration of what I am saying."

Pick me out ten successful worldlings—without any religion, and you know what I mean by successful worldlings—pick me out ten successful worldlings, and you cannot find more than one that looks happy. Care drags him across the bridge; care drags him back. Take your stand at 3 o'clock at the corner of Nassau and Wall streets, or at the corner of Canal street and Broadway, and see the agonized physiognomies. Your bankers, your insurance men, your importers, your wheelmen, and the retailers as a class—as a class, are they happy? No. Care does their steps; and, making no appeal to God for help or comfort, they are tossed everywhere. How has it been with you, my hearer? Are you more contented in the house of fourteen rooms than you were in the two rooms you had in a house when you started? Have you not had more care and worry since you got that fifty thousand dollars than you had before? Some of the poorest men I have ever known have been those of great fortune. A man of small means may be put in great business straits, but the greatest of all embarrassments is that of the man who has large estates. The man who commits suicide because of monetary losses are those who cannot bear the burden any more, because they have only a hundred thousand dollars left.

On Bowling Green, New York, there is a house where Alexander used to live. He was a favorite man. All the world knew him, and he had wealth almost unlimited; yet, at the close of his life, he says: "Behold, eighty-three years have passed over my head, and I am a result, save fatigue of body and fatigue of mind, great discouragement for the future, and great disgust for the past." Oh, my friends, this is a "south land," and it slopes off toward deserts of sorrow; and the prayer which Achish made to her father Calah to make this day to our Father God: "Thou hast given me a south land; give me also springs of water. And he gave them the upper springs, and the nether springs."

Blessed be God! We have more advantages given than we can really appreciate. We have spiritual blessings offered us in this world which I shall call the nether springs, and glories in the world to come which I shall call the upper springs.

Where shall I find words enough threaded with light to set forth the pleasure of religion? David, unable to describe it in words, played it on a harp. Men, Heman, not finding enough power in prose, sings that praise in a canticle. Christopher Wren, unable to describe it in language, sprang it into the arches of St. Paul's. John Bunyan, unable to present it in ordinary phraseology, takes all the fascination of allegory. Handel, with ordinary means unable to reach the heights of the theme, rises it up in an oratorio. Oh, there is no life on earth so happy as a really Christian life, but I do not mean a sham Christian life, but a real Christian life. Where there is a thorn, there is a whole garden of roses. Where there is one groan, there are three doxologies. Where there is one day of cloud, there is a whole season of sunshine. Take the humblest Christian man that you know—angel of God, canopy him with their white wings; the lightnings of heaven are his armed allies; the Lord is his Shepherd, picking out for him green pastures by still waters; if he walk forth, heaven is his body guard; if he lie down to sleep, angels of light, angel blossoming, are let into his dreams; if he be thirsty, the potates of heaven are his cup bearers; if he sit down to food, his plain table blooms into the King's banquet. Then say: "Look at that old fellow with the worn-out coat; the angels of God cry: 'Lift up your heads, ye over-arching gates, and let him come in.' Pasadious people cry: 'Get off my front steps.' The doorknobs of heaven cry: 'Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom.' When he comes to die, though, he may be carried out in a pine box to the potter's field; to that potter's field the chariots of Christ will come down, and the cavalcade will crowd all the boulevards of heaven."

I bless Christ for the present satisfaction of religion. It makes a man all right with reference to the past; it makes a man all right with reference to the future. Oh, the nether springs of comfort! They are perennial. The foundation of God standeth sure having this seal: "The Lord knoweth them that are His." The mountains shall depart, and the hills be removed, but My peace shall not depart from thee, neither shall the covenant of My peace be removed, saith the Lord, who hath mercy upon thee. Oh, cluster of diamonds set in burnished gold! Oh, nether springs of comfort and tribulation! When you see, you of the world, what satisfaction there is on earth in religion, do you not thirst after it as the daughter of Calah thirsted after the water springs? It is no stagnant pond, summed over with malaria, but springs of water leaping from the Rock of Ages! Take up one cup of that spring water, and across the top of the chalice will float the yellow of jasper, the green of emerald, the blue of sardonyx, the fire of jacinth.

I wish I could make you understand the joy religion is to some of us. It makes a man happy while he lives, and glad when he dies. With two feet upon a chair and bursting with drooping, I heard an old man in the parlor cry out: "I looked around and said: 'What has this man got to thank God for?' It makes the lame man leap like the hart, and the dumb sing. They say that the old Puritan religion is just what we need today. I remember reading of Dr. Goodwin, the celebrated Puritan, who in his last moments said: 'Is this dying? Why, my bow abides in strength! I am swallowed up in God.' 'Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace.' Oh, you who have been trying to satisfy yourselves with the 'south land' of this world, do you not feel that you would, this morning, like to have access to the nether springs of spiritual comfort? Would you not like to have Jesus Christ bend over your cradle and bless your table and heal your wounds, and strew flowers of consolation all up and down the graves of your death?

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now, it is October with you, it is December with you. I am no alarmist. I simply know that if a man does not repent in this world he never repents at all, and that now is the accepted time, and now is the day of salvation. Oh, put off this matter no longer. Do not turn your back on Jesus Christ who comes to save you, lest you should lose your soul.

On Monday morning a friend of mine started from New York to celebrate her birthday with her daughter in Virginia. On Saturday of the same week, just after midnight, I stood at the gate of Greenwood waiting for her silent form to come in. It is a long journey to take in one week—from New York to Philadelphia, from Philadelphia to Baltimore, from Baltimore to Washington, from Washington to Virginia, from Virginia into the great eternity. "What thy hand findeth to do, do it."

THE LABOR WORLD.

THE IRON trade is in a bad way. STEEL rails are down to \$25 per ton. KANSAS CITY has a labor exchange. The output of crude iron is 150,000 tons per week.

A CENTURY ago only charcoal iron was produced.

The demand for glass blowers far exceeds supply.

The United States has 200,000 journeyman barbers.

The new Edison Electrical Company has a capital of \$2,000,000.

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In the ranks of the Knights of Labor there are 100 ministers enrolled.

ALL the unions of Minneapolis have rooms in their big Labor Temple.

BRICK makers and bricklayers and the building trades generally have all they can do.

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This paper-mill industry is prospering, and much capital is rushing into paper making.

In Belfast, in the north of Ireland, good clothing cutters earn from \$8 to \$15 per week.

SOME of the big glass factories in England have raised the wages of their employees lately.

The Distillers, at Philadelphia, employ 2100 hands and turn out four hundred dozen a day.

The tailors are the best organized people in England and are able to earn good wages in the large cities.

At Skowhegan, Me., a factory for turning out coats alone is being built. It will employ 140 men.

IN the 326 factories in Berlin there are 497,000 operatives, or sixty-six apprentices to every 1000 workmen.

The Hematite Iron Works, at Barrow-in-Furness, England, employ about 3000 men. They are paid from \$4 to \$7 a week.

The industrial organizations of Chicago recently got up an elaborate union directory, and they made out a money list of it.

It is calculated that the labor organizations of the United States collect about \$5,000,000 annually for various purposes.

The organized shirt-makers of Philadelphia receive \$7 a week. The girls who do not belong to the union are getting only \$4.

SEVERAL of the labor organizations of New York city will take part in the celebration of the centennial celebration of the fall of the French Bastille on the 14th of July.

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THE PRYMAN QUINN, famous among New York labor circles for organizing two local assemblies of Chinamen and for his attempt to organize the policemen, has become editor of an Irish revolutionary paper.

TEN men employed in a tanning factory at Bergen, N. J., struck because their employers refused to give them a raise in wages.

THEY have hired a local housekeeper who went into the tanning yard every noon, and seating himself on a box, poked fun at the workmen.

AGRICULTURAL laborers in the South of Ireland seldom eat fresh meat, and regard it as a curiosity when they see it on any table.

THEY are many of them who have not tasted beef or mutton more than once or twice in their lives.

MANUAL training schools and schools of applied science are steadily growing in popularity. In Maine these branches of education are the most popular.

RECENTLY established at Philadelphia and Boston are meetings with great success.

DISTRESS has been felt in the coal districts of Germany in consequence of the strike of the miners. A committee appealed for funds to the merchants of the great cities and found one place where the ground was broken for a grave.

THE eyesight of the redeemed is never blurred with tears. There is health in every cheek. There is spring in every foot. There is melody on every tongue. There is joy in every heart. There is blossoming on every lip. How they must pity as they look over and down and see, and say: "Poor things away down in that world!" And when we stand around in a faded accident, then they say: "Good! he is coming!" And when we stand around the couch of some loved one (whose strength is going away) and we shake our heads forlornly, they cry: "I am glad he is worse; he is dead! Come home! Come home!" Oh, if we could only get our ideas about that future world untwisted our thought of transfer from here to there would be pleasant to us as it is to the child that is dying. She said: "Papa, when will I go home?" And he said: "To-day, Florence." "To-day? So soon? I am so glad!"

I wish I could stimulate you with these thoughts, oh Christian man, to the highest possible exhilaration. The day of your deliverance is coming. It is rolling on with the shining wheels of the day, and the jets of wheels of the night. Every thump of the heart is only a hammer striking of another chain of clay. Better seek the deck and coil the rope, the harbor is only six miles away. Jesus will come down in the "Narrows" to meet you. Now is your salvation nearer than when you believed. Unrepentant man, will you not to-day make a choice between these two portions, between the "south land" of this world, which slopes to the desert, and this glorious land which thy Father offers, and which thou shalt never leave? Why let thy tongue be consumed with thirst when there are the nether springs and the upper springs, comfort here and glory hereafter?

Let me tell you, my dear brother, that the silliest and wickedest thing a man ever does is to reject Jesus Christ. The loss of the soul is a mistake that cannot be corrected; it is a downfall that knows no alleviation; it is a ruin that is remediless; it is a sickness that has no medication; it is a grave into which a man goes and never comes out, putting his hand on his shoulder as one brother puts his hand on the shoulder of a brother. I say this to be mainly, and surrender your heart to Christ. You have been long enough serving the world; now begin to serve the Lord who bought you. You have tried long enough to carry these burdens; let Jesus Christ put His shoulder under your burden. Do I hear any one in the audience say: "I mean to attend to that after awhile; it is not just the time?" It is the time, for the simple reason that you are sure of no other; and God sends you here this morning, and He sent you here to comfort you with this message; and you must bear now that Christ died to save your soul, and that if you want to be saved you must be saved. Whosoever will, let him come. You will never know contentment any more than this. Some of you have been waiting ten, twenty, thirty, forty, fifty and sixty years. On some of you the snow has fallen. I see it on your brow, and yet you have never attended to the duties which belong to the very spring time of life. It is September with you

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SUNDAY SCHOOL.

SUBJECT FOR SUNDAY, MAY 20

"Betrayal of Jesus."—Mark 14: 43-54
—Golden Text, Luke 22: 48—Notes.

43. "And immediately, while He yet spake, They were Gethsemane whither Jesus had gone after the supper. Entering the garden He left eight of the disciples with Him; then withdrawing Himself a little farther, He and Peter, James and John, fell on His face and prayed. He prayed earnestly, He sweat, as it were, great drops of blood falling down to the ground. (Luke xxii, 40.) He offered up prayers and supplications with strong crying and tears. (Heb. v, 7.) Three times He prayed, saying the same words, returning to the disciples after each prayer, and each time finding them asleep. When He returned from praying the third time, He added the words of verse 48: 'Rise up, let us go; lo, he that betrayeth Me is at hand,' and these are the words referred to in the opening sentence of our lesson. After Judas, being pointed out as the betrayer, left them, and Jesus had instituted the supper, He then spoke the wonderful words of John xiv, xv, xvi, and prayed as recorded in John xvii, after which they sang a hymn and then went out to Gethsemane.

44. "And he that betrayed Him gave them a kiss."—Mark 14: 44. Judas, having received a band of men and officers from the chief priests and Pharisees, cometh thither with lanterns and torches and weapons (John xviii, 3), and he had instructed them that the one whom they would see him kiss was He whom they were to take and lead away safely.

45. "And as soon as he was come, he went straightway to Him, and said, Master, and kissed Him. How could Jesus, knowing it all, suffer Judas to come thus near to Him and kiss Him, only saying so meekly: 'Judas, betrayest thou the Son of Man with a kiss?' (Luke xxii, 48.) Oh, what long suffering! What utter yielding of Himself a sacrifice for sin! What complete renunciation of self! Can we by the grace of God yield ourselves so fully to Him that we will meekly accept even the hardest things as from Him, and glorify the Lord in the first? (Isa. xlv, 15.)

46. "And they laid their hands on Him and took Him." What unholy hands to lay upon the Holy One; criminals worthy to die eternal death, laying their hands upon Him who was ready to pardon them, sinners needing salvation, laying hold upon the only one who could save them, that they might put Him out of the way; man, the creature, laying hold upon God, the Creator, because they would not believe that He would save them. They took Him, not because they were able, but only because He suffered them.

47. "And one of them that stood by drew a sword, and smote a servant of the high priest, and cut off his ear."—John xviii, 10. Says that Simon Peter did it, and that the servant's name was Malchus; Luke xxii, 51, says that Jesus touched his ear and healed him; and Matt. xxvi, 53-54, says that Jesus told the disciples that they should not draw the sword, for he that drew the sword would perish with the sword, and that if it was necessary He could and would receive from His Father more than a legion of angels for each of them, but if thus protected and delivered how could the Scripture be fulfilled? How much blundering work we do that the Saviour has to undo, because we rush hastily in the energy of the flesh instead of seeking and yielding to the Spirit of Christ.

48. "And Jesus answered and said unto them: 'Ye come out against Me with swords and with staves to take Me?' Both Matthew and Luke record the same question. Let some father or mother say how they would feel if the law should send their sons to arrest their sons, and the son being innocent. If ever we are shamefully treated or spoken against, let us think of Jesus and be patient for His sake.

49. "I was laid with you in the temple teaching, and ye have not slain Me, because the scriptures must be fulfilled."—Luke xxi, 33. This is your hour and the power of darkness. Such scriptures were being and about to be fulfilled as Psalms xxii, and lxxix, Isaiah liii, etc. What Christ meant as He looked to His Father was, "Thou hast known My reproach, and My shame, and My dishonor. Mine adversaries are all before Thee." (Ps. lxxix, 19.) If people would say and do openly the mean and devilish things which they say and do behind one's back, and in the dark, it would seem as if we could better refuse and resist them; but then we would not have the fellowship with Jesus in His sufferings which